(Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,)
Convey'd himself[2] as heir to the lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the great[3]. Also king Lewis the tenth[4],

I now believe that *find* is right: the jury *finds* for the plaintiff, or *finds* for the defendant: *to find* his title is, " to determine in favour of his title with some show of truth." JOHNSON.

To *fine* his title, is to make it *showy* or *specious*, by some appearance of justice* STEEVENS.

So, in King Henry IV. Part I.:

" To face the garment of rebellion,
" With *some fine* colour."

The words in Holinshed's Chronicle are: ** — to make his title *seem true*, and appear good, though indeed it was stark *naught*."—In Hall, " to make, &c.—though indeed it was both *evil* and untrue." MALONE.

I believe that *fine* is the right reading, and that the metaphor is taken from *the fining* of liquors. In the next line the speaker says:

" Though in pure truth it was *corrupt* and naught."

It is the jury that *finds* a verdict, not the plaintiff or defendant, and therefore a man cannot *find* his own title. M. MASON.

* CONVEY'D himself—] Derived his title. Our poet found this expression also in Holinshed. MALONE.

3 —the lady LINGARE,

Daughter to CHAELEMAIN, &c.] By Charles the Great is meant the Emperor Charlemagne, son of Pepin: Charlemain is Charlechauve, or Charles the Bald, who, as well as Charles le Gros, assumed the title of Magnus. See Goldasti Animadversiones in Einhardum. Edit. 1711, p. 157. But then Charlechauve had only one daughter, named Judith, married, or, as some say, only betrothed, to our King Ethelwulf, and carried off after his death, by Baldwin the forester, afterward Earl of Flanders, whom, it is very certain, Hugh Capet was neither heir to, nor any way descended from. This Judith, indeed, had a great-grand-daughter called Luitgarde, married to a Count Wichman, of whom nothing further is known. It was likewise the name of Charlemagne's fifth wife: but no such female as Lingare is to be met with in any French

historian. In fact, these fictitious personages and pedigrees seem to have been devised by the English heralds, to "fine a title with some show of truth," which, "in pure truth was corrupt and naught." It was manifestly impossible that Henry, who had no hereditary title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposes the inva-